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amazing treasures of the mind as well as of the world. His words to himself were: "I accept the stipulation, I shrink not from the judgment".⁶⁹ Let us hope that he realized the truth of his own saying: "There is great felicity in the very felicity of dying".⁷⁰

ROBERT BENSON STEELE.

Vanderbilt University.

SONGBIRDS ALL

Song of a lark, in the crystal arc
 Of the morning sky:
 And the old-world tale of a nightingale
 In the wood hard by;
 Song of a thrush, in the fragrant rush
 Of an April rain;
 And the robin's lays, through the autumn days
 In a twilight lane.

Songbirds all! Nor faintlier fall
 On a dreaming ear
 Notes of a bird, when the soul hath heard—
 As the soul *can* hear—
 Songs of the poets, who dream of the light—
 Songs of the lovers, alone with the night—
 Songs of the soldiers—in death's despite—
 Songbirds all, for the soul hath heard
 The heart of poet and bird!

KATHLEEN KNOX.

Belfast, Ireland.

⁶⁹*Epistles* 56, 6.

⁷⁰*Dialogues* xi, 9, 9.